

# The New Eve

A woman is lying on her back in a field of small white flowers. She is wearing a dark, sleeveless dress and has her arms raised above her head. The background is a soft-focus field of similar flowers under a bright sky.

25¢

A MAGAZINE  
*of*  
FEMININE  
CHARM

May  
1926

Posed by

DOROTHY KNAPP  
OF EARL CARROLL'S "MAINTIES"  
EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE NEW EVE  
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DANIEL J. LANE

*In this issue*

THE CANARY THAT SANG BASS by W. Carey Wonderly

# The New Eve

## Foreword

THE thing that pleases us most is the fact that women in all parts of the country have begun to look forward to the appearance of each new issue of THE NEW EVE, to watch for it on the newsstands and buy it as soon as it is out, even though it has been in the field only a few months.

This and the genuine interest and appreciation shown in letters we have received from readers, means much to us. It means the establishment of that close relation between the readers and the editors which is essential to the carrying out of our purpose to edit this magazine *with* rather than for *our* readers.

We want women everywhere to find THE NEW EVE a welcome and entertaining companion in the home, on the train and on the way to and from business.

We want them to find in this magazine the things they love, information that is useful to them, and entertaining fiction that has a distinctive character.

### Our Cover Design This Month

*Dorothy Knapp, posed by De Mirjan, exclusively for The New Eve*

Dorothy Knapp holds audiences nightly in thrall by the sheer magic of her motionless grace. To blossom radiantly in the spotlight of popularity for four years as America's most beautiful girl is Miss Knapp's proud position.

Now the featured beauty of Earl Carroll's Vanities, she was the first prize winner in the professional section of the 1923 Atlantic City Beauty Pageant, she was winner of the title "American Venus" at Madison Square Garden in 1921; she made her film debut as star in "The Florida Bubble."

They say that she now seeks on the stage a full acting part with a larger allowance of spoken lines.

WE say that the lines of Dorothy Knapp's own face and form speak more of romance and poetry than any dramatist could put upon her rosy lips.

\* \* \*

EVE is born ever anew with each successive phase of the development of civilization, and she seems in every reincarnation more lovely and more enthralling than before. That the women of the past were adorable we do not question, but to the woman-of-today—to the New Eve—we give our whole-hearted allegiance

*The Editor.*

May, 1926

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The New Eve, published monthly by The New Eve Publishing Co., Inc., Fred J. Willock, President, and Treasurer, William A. Lorenzen, Sec'y., P. M. Mehard, Managing Editor, at 111 West Forty-second Street, New York, N. Y. Yearly subscription \$1.00, single copy 15 cents. Canadian and Foreign subscriptions \$1.00.

Dated May, 1926. Volume 1, Number 5.  
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A STUDY BY DE MIRJIAN



ORETTA LEWIS

DE MIRJAN



GE. BARNES

FLORA WATSON  
"Tip-Toes," Liberty Theatre



CLARA LUCE  
*Ziegfeld "Palm Beach Nights"*

DE MULLER



DR. MURJAN

ROSE MARIE HAYNES  
*Earl Carroll's "Vanities"*





IRENE FRENCH  
*Earl Carroll's "Vanities"*

DE MERJAN



A STUDY BY DE MIRJIAN



KATHERINE BURKE  
*Ziegfeld's "Palm Beach Nights"*

DE. MEXICO

# The CANARY

that

## Sang Bass

By W. CAREY WONDERLY

Illustrated by  
H. J. Burley

VANTINE, rolling luxuriously along the road in his big limousine, saw the figure of a girl leaning forlornly against a telegraph pole. It was bitter cold and snowing by fits and starts, and under the mauve light from the electric arc her face looked like death. Vantine spoke to his chauffeur sharply.

"Jeems," said he, "that Eliza on the ice we just passed—! Don't you think it would be the humane thing to go back and investigate? She might be somebody's mother, you know."

Without replying, the chauffeur turned around and drove back to the bleak, windswept corner.

"Don't tell me it's all a movie and the camera's hidden in the bushes across the way," Vantine cried, opening the car door. "If you're one of the 'Orphans of the Storm,' where is your sister? . . . My God, Jeems, she's fainted!"

James, without comment, picked the girl up bodily and deposited her in the warm, comfortable automobile. Vantine regarded him with a pained expression.

"You might have consulted me first," he muttered. "Why, I may be compromised for life!"

As the car started off again, Vantine leaned forward and studied the girl closely. Under-nourished she was, yet in spite of this there were traces of beauty, even of refinement, and she was young. But her clothes were an abomination, either hopelessly out-of-date or the last word in provincial style, and they had been brushed threadbare and pressed shiny, and besides were certainly too thin for a New York winter.

"What would you advise?" Vantine asked his chauffeur, after a silence.

"Try a little brandy," suggested James, without turning around.

"Thank you, I will. I meant for our heroine."

"Give her a stiff drink and hold the smelling salts to her nose. It's either cold or hunger,—she's fainted."

"God bless me, Jeems, I didn't know there were any fainting girls left in New York!"

The limousine was as large as a Pullman, and Vantine, who was used to making quick changes in stuffy dressing-rooms, worked as easily and as quickly as a magician in a straight jacket. Holding a crystal vial under her nostrils, he saw her eyelids flutter and a sort of shudder pass over her. Then he reached for his silver flask and forced a little brandy between her bloodless lips.

"It's all right, dearie,—hasn't scratched yet," he told the feebly protesting girl. "Good for what ails you. There's many a dame that would give her gold tooth for a swig of this."

"Where am I?" she asked, struggling to an upright position, her eyes tragic with despair.

"Oh, Jeems, she's said it,—she's said it. Just like you do in stories!" cried Vantine enthusiastically. "I felt you wouldn't disappoint me, dearie," he beamed in the girl's face. "You're among friends. When I first got a glimpse of you, you were doing a 'Lost in Siberia' sequence, but it's all jake now. Where shall my mechanician take you? Is it the Ritz? . . . My God, she's fainted again! Do you think it's catching? Home,

Jeems, home!"

Arriving at the actor's home, a handsome apartment in the East Fifties, just off Fifth Avenue, James opened the car door to find Vantine sitting with the unknown girl's head on his shoulder. And what was more, he had discarded his fur-lined topcoat and wrapped it around her slender figure. His eyes were shining with mischief like a school-boy's when he met the chauffeur's disapproving gaze.

"It's all right, Jeems," he insisted; "all in the interests of my art."

"You'll have laryngitis next and won't be able to sing a note," muttered James. "What do you propose to do with her?"

"Well, Jeems, we can't put her under a neighbor's cabbage and say the stork left her," grinned Vantine.

"Brodie took a chance and who am I to dodge the issue? Let's get her into the house and see if it's bad booze or

good morals. You know, Jeems, there are still ladies who die for their convictions, in spite of the comic strips. She might have been walking home when we found her."

"Pick up the marbles, you win," groaned James, and led the way into the

apartment. Half an hour later the doctor stated it was a clear case of malnutrition, which prompted Vantine to observe that (it sounded as complicated as smallpox. But he was tireless in his efforts to help, giving freely of time and money, hovering around the sick couch like an anxious mother hen. James had retired with the car, but a grim-visaged housekeeper surveyed the scene with silent disapproval, helping only when she was requested to by Vantine himself.

"God knows who she is!" muttered old Henrietta



sternly. "Believing the place for the lives of men, I never thought I'd live to see you bringing promiscuous females home with you, sir."

"Oh, is she promiscuous, Etta?" demanded Vantine. "I thought the doctor said she was sort of anemic. Well, if you won't have her in your room, I'll have to let her stay in mine. Wait—, wait, good creature! I mean that I'll go elsewhere of course. Oh, yes, indeed, I'll go elsewhere. But she can't be moved for a day or two, you know. If she developed pneumonia and died, her death would be on our heads—or on your head, for I'm willing to let her stay. Now, make up your mind quickly, my friend—do I move to the Ritz or does she share your room?" . . . "Atta-gal, Etta!"

It was late the next afternoon before the girl gave a clear account of herself to Vantine. When he was ready to depart for the matinee, he said to his housekeeper: "Don't badger her, Henrietta!" and while he was smiling, as usual, she never dreamed of disobeying him. Though she would have denied it, as heresy, Vantine was the old creature's god.

Nor had James forgotten her. "How's the little stranger?" he asked, as Vantine stepped into the car.

"My God, Jeems, if the neighbors hear you, they'll think I've got a maternity ward in there," gasped the actor. "And hands off, or I'll tell your wife on you. That's the way with you big, handsome sheiks, never satisfied unless you've got the entrée to a harem."

"Not I!" said the chauffeur. "I was thinking of you. Better have Henrietta nail down the furniture. What has the girl to say for herself?"

"I have refrained from questioning her until she becomes acclimated," answered Vantine, grinning. "Oh! Booked for an indefinite engagement, eh?"

Vantine was headlining at a vaudeville house in Tonkers and it was six o'clock when he returned to his apartment for dinner. Dressed in one of Henrietta's gowns, which was much too large for her in every way, the girl, obviously, was waiting for her host in anything but a tranquil frame of mind. If he had known it, this was because the housekeeper had refused to listen to her explanations without Vantine's being present. Frightened, friendless, with an unpleasant experience behind her, this had awakened her suspicions and she would have run away if the actor himself hadn't walked in at that moment.

Vantine stopped, bowed, and observed with a smile. "Well, I'm glad to see you without a mortuary slab, but if we're going to celebrate with a masquerade, give me time to dress for it, too. . . . Etta! Are you trying to make this poor child re-

semble *you*? She looks like Mrs. Noah, as if she came out of the Ark in that costume. For shame, Henrietta Wickham!"

The old dame's face turned red in spots. "It was the best I could do, sir," she muttered. "You said to burn her own things—"

"Telephone to Jenny, to Harry Collins, to any one of the dozen ateliers," Vantine began, when the girl interrupted to say quietly:

"Indeed, this is very comfortable and warm and I am very much obliged to Mrs. Wickham. I am sorry that you had to—burn my things, because— they were my best—"

"Nonsense, my child!" cried the actor. "If we didn't do away with old clothes, how do you expect the dressmakers would get rid of their new ones?"

She's really pretty, you know, Henrietta.

I wonder if you mind telling me your name, my dear? Mine's Vantine."

"I am Olga Lee," explained the girl, with a slight flush rising to her cheeks. "You have been most kind, Mr. Vantine—"

At this, both the actor and his housekeeper made a little clucking noise with their tongues against the roof of the mouth, and Olga stopped short, startled. But after Vantine and Henrietta had exchanged glances, he nodded to the girl, encouragingly.

"It kind of took my breath for a moment, that's all," he said. "No one ever calls me *Mister* Vantine, you see—"

"You wouldn't say *Mister* God, would you?" demanded Henrietta, up in arms.

At dinner Olga told the story of her experiences since coming to New York in quest of a career. "No, she wasn't stagestruck," she was ambitious to succeed as an artist, which Vantine explained to Henrietta was a hundred times worse. For pretty girls often have a stage career, while pretty artists seldom get anywhere on their looks alone. After several months of discouraging results, down to her last dime, Olga had accepted a position as housemaid in a rich middle-class family in the suburbs. There a rather usual occurrence had happened and when she had resisted the advances of the young cub, who was the son and heir, he had gone to his mother, denouncing Olga, with the result that the girl was turned outdoors, then and there.

All this Olga Lee told in a simple, straightforward way, without heroics, so that even Henrietta became indignant and threatened vengeance on the family in the suburbs. And this good opinion was strengthened when Olga added that she supposed art was not for her, and that she had decided to pocket her pride and return to her home town. She had been a

school teacher. Precious little romance had entered her life, but she had some good friends there. Quietly she announced her intention of telegraphing for her fare home—her brother, who wouldn't advance her money to remain in New York, would send her that.

"Of course that's the sensible thing to do," nodded Vantine gravely, when she had finished her story. "But whoever did the sensible thing when he or she was twenty? Etta, you know the child ought to have her chance. What a lovely climax if our little friend here painted the prize picture of the season and then ritzed suburbia when it came to pay homage!"

"If you mean that woman and her son, Miss Olga ought to turn them out of doors, the same as they did her," Henrietta snorted. "If I know relatives, there's not going to be any fatted calf killed when you go home, dearie—"

"No," said Olga, sighing, "but it will all be secure and safe. After the last few months I feel that I desire peace and security even more than romance or a career."

After dispatching the telegram, Vantine set to work to make Olga as comfortable as possible, while awaiting her brother's reply. He saw no reason why she couldn't remain in the apartment, under the capable wing of Henrietta Wickham, and he gave instructions, while he was at work, to use the motor car—to "woo the roses back into the child's cheeks." So, after taking Vantine to the matinee, James came back and picked up Olga and old Henrietta, riding them around until it was time to call for the actor and go home for supper. It was a not unpleasant routine and when her brother didn't reply to her wire the next day, Olga wasn't exactly plunged into deepest despair. He would send the money, and in the meanwhile Henrietta was most kind.

"Henrietta's kindness besides bed and board included an extensive and stunning wardrobe, more beautiful than anything Olga had ever dreamed of even as a successful artist. It was more than her feminine heart could do to withstand the clothes."

"Though how I am ever going to pay for them, repay you—" she murmured, looking at Vantine with mild reproach.

He laughed loudly, in excellent spirits. "After you've captured the rich man's son in your home town, send a check to the fund for Fingless Serpents and we'll call it square," he said. "You know, Etta, she does look charming. The child does us proud! We'll have to celebrate tonight; I'll take you all to Tex Guinan's new place. How's that?"

That night Olga made a half-hearted inquiry regarding her benefactor. She knew he was an actor, headlining in vaudeville, but the name Vantine meant nothing to her, much to Mrs. Wickham's displeasure. Henrietta thought Vantine was just about the finest artist in the business and she said so in a voice which made Olga feel suddenly very small and ashamed. She apologized and changed the subject, wondering out loud why her brother didn't answer her appeal for help.

That afternoon, however, when they called for Vantine in Brooklyn, where he was headlining that week, James came back to the car to explain that the actor was still on the stage, the star having been placed to close the bill.

"I'll just go in and hurry things along," Henrietta muttered, climbing out of the machine. "His dresser is about as useful as a fifth wheel to a wagon and it's quite a step to New York and back between shows."

As she got out, Olga made a move as if to follow her, and then drew back, waiting for the old woman to invite her into the theatre. Which Henrietta did, all kindness again, and the two disappeared through the stage door.

Vantine was on the stage responding to what proved to be the fifth or sixth encore that afternoon.

"They love him!" The audiences everywhere just love him!" old Etta whispered, with pride in her voice.

On tip-toe Olga followed her to the first entrance but before that she could hear a man singing. While the "foots" half-blinded her, she could still make out the figure of Vantine, facing that black yawning space which was massed with people. Her first thought was that Vantine seemed taller and huskier than she imagined him to be. He was dressed in overalls, open at the neck and with sleeves rolled up and he carried a battered straw hat in his hand. Boyish, good-looking, his fine baritone carried the rather cheap words and sticky melody with a swing that brought the house to its feet. Vantine held the audience in his hand, and left it begging for more. Back he came again and again, bowing, but shaking his head.

"He won't sing any more," Henrietta whispered to Olga. "Go back and wait in the car. I'll see if I can hurry things up and we'll be with you in a jiffy."

The last she saw of Vantine he was bowing himself off the stage into the opposite entrance but as she fumbled with the heavy stage door Olga heard the orchestra begin another tune, and then a high soprano voice. But one of the stagehands was

holding the door open for her and she passed out without stopping to listen.

At the end of the alley, James was smoking a cigarette which he didn't throw away when he saw her coming. That was a peculiarity of Vantine's help—they were his friends. The chauffeur leaned familiarly against the car door, willing to talk.

"What did you think of the canary?" he demanded, eyeing Olga over his cigarette.

She drew herself up a little stiffly, not resenting his manner but his words.

"Meaning Mis—meaning Vantine?" she countered, coolly.

James laughed. "Think he's wonderful, like the rest of 'em, don't you?"

"I know he's been most wonderful to me," Olga replied, flushing. "It is only when I think of others, that I realize how wonderful Vantine has been."

After looking at her long and thoughtfully, James shook his head. "Poor kid, I believe you did get a raw deal," he observed. "And Vantine's all right, I guess I'm just small and mean enough to be jealous, that's all. I suppose old Henrietta's told you what he's done for me?"

"No, she hasn't," Olga answered, thinking that he'd be quite handsome but for the bitter mouth and cynical eyes.

At that moment Vantine came running out of the stage entrance with the housekeeper in tow and they piled into the car and hurried home to the apartment in the Fifties. And after the night show the four of them repaired to a supper club, Henrietta looking very much the grand dame in black velvet and James wearing a Tuxedo under his liveried greatcoat.

"James's other name is Cowper," explained the old creature, watching Olga closely. Evidently the name meant nothing to the girl and so she continued: "His father is J. Sterling Cowper, worth a couple of million or more, and obviously not on very good terms with his son. Really, you can't blame the parent—for once. While at college James got himself married to a first-class little gold-digger and Cowper kicked him out. There's where Vantine comes in. He gave James a job when all the father's friends were afraid to help the son. Why shouldn't he come with us tonight? Let me tell you, child, Vantine wouldn't high-hat a skunk."

They recognized Vantine at the night club and the orchestra played over a number of his songs, while the energetic hostess tried to coax him into singing; but he murmured something about his contract and performing in public, and after that they let him alone. He was immaculately groomed, with a clean, rosy, blonde appearance. Also he

danced well, as Olga discovered when she danced with him.

"Enjoying yourself?" he wanted to know, with his habitual good-natured smile. "You'll dance with Jeems, won't you? When he discards his scenery, he's just a regular guy, like me. Never judge a person by his scenery, Ollie. Cowper won't always be a chauffeur, but Etta told you, she says."

So the next time the music started Olga danced with James. As a matter of fact, he didn't dance as well as Vantine, yet there was a difference. Taller, broader, he hadn't the air, the finish of the professional—that was it, she decided. She danced a second time and then Vantine cut in.

"Look here, I asked you to dance with him, not spend the evening," he avowed. "If he needs exercise, let him drag Henrietta around the room. Or, I believe she is flirting with that distinguished looking butter-and-yeggman in the corner. We're never too old to yearn, Ollie. It's a great life if we don't waken."

It was dawn when they arrived home, tired but happy, and Olga found her telegram.

"Your brother sick with measles. Do not care to worry him with your ill-starred adventures at present. Ada."

Ada was her sister-in-law. White and crushed, Olga handed Vantine the message without comment.

"Oh, sweet, sweet!" murmured the actor, passing the telegram to old Henrietta and James. "I suppose if the lady herself opened her heart, a moth would fly out. You should worry, child. Think no more about it and stay right here until your brother comes out of the ether. . . . What? . . . Dearie, no man related to you ever married a woman like 'Ada' while he was in his right mind. He'll come to."

Olga looked as if she was going to cry. "I—I oughtn't to remain—here," she said, looking at Henrietta Wickham. "If Ada ever found out I'd been here with you this long—you don't know what a small town is, Vantine. Thank you, but I'll have to look around for something to do."

Vantine ridiculed the idea, but for once James and Henrietta were against him and in the end Olga went to live in a moderate-rate hotel on the other side of Fifth Avenue, while waiting for something to turn up.

It turned up, promptly and forcibly, in Vantine's declaration of love. At first Ollie didn't know what to say to him. In spite of his many kindnesses, his daily visits, the car always at her service and everything, she didn't dream he cared for her—well, in that way, until he said so. Now, he wanted her to

marry him—at once—and thumb her nose at Ada and her home town. There was never a callow youth so impetuous, so ardent and yet so tender. She looked at this man, this man, who in spite of his unlined face and supple body, was no longer a boy, and . . . felt a little sorry for him without knowing exactly why. She liked him well enough. His thoughtfulness, his generosity won her admiration and made her very gentle with him. That was it—she couldn't bear to hurt Vantine. He was such a dear, a darling old dear, who deserved the best in life.

And so Ollie said "yes"—and almost immediately regretted it. For when his household heard the news, Henrietta and James acted for all the world as if she had robbed an infant of his candy.

"They don't like me," Olga whispered to her fiancé. "Either that or they don't trust me. I wonder! I wonder if they believe what I've said is true. So help me, Heaven—"

"It's all right, sweetheart, I believe you," Vantine interposed, drawing her into his arms. "And Etta believes you too, of course. It's only that I've been an old stick-in-the-mud so long—"

"They think I'll interfere with your career?"

"Good Lord, no! Don't pay any attention to them—either of them. It's none of Cowper's business. It's none of Etta's, either, as far as that goes, but she's been with me so long—worked so faithfully—I guess she thinks I'm still a kid. I'm not! Sometimes I get to wondering if I'm not too old, sweetheart—"

"You—old?" she mocked.

"Well, I'm older than you, Ollie," he smiled. "The trouble is Henrietta regards me as a sort of Peter Pan, when as a matter of fact I'm just like other men. Just! Exactly! And we're going to live and love and grow old and die just like thousands of other couples, honey. Like regular folks—that's what I want. You know, my real name is Robinson—Frank Robinson. Well, I'd like you and me to be Mr. and Mrs. Frank Robinson, in our own home, away, far away from the theatre and Broadway and the night clubs."

Through the old, gay smile Olga glimpsed the seriousness that was in his heart, divined the eager, pathetic longing for sympathy and understanding that pleaded for recognition.

"You are Peter Pan," she said suddenly, and leaning forward, kissed him.

His happiness shone from his eyes, was reflected in everything he did. It was impossible to remain displeased with him, or to shun Olga because he loved her, and presently old Etta capitulated.

Only, "Be good to my boy," she said, taking Ollie by the shoulders and gazing into her eyes. "I used to think he was happy before you came, without a care in the world, but . . . he wasn't then like he is now. He seems to worship you. I'm sure your life will be a bed of roses if you're only good to him."

James still remained a bit skeptical when he called with the car to take Olga anywhere.

"Of course his salary is two thousand a week net and he can work fifty weeks a year if he chooses. When it comes to buying a country home, you can live in Newport if you like. Vantine's saved a lot, too."

She looked at him long and steadily. "I'm sorry you've formed that opinion of me," she said at last. "I hadn't an idea what Frank's salary is, and nobody ever told me he had saved a penny. It isn't money. He has been so kind to me—"

"Then it's gratitude, not love?" James Cowper interrupted quickly.

Olga flushed and glanced away. "I think you should be the last man in the world to try to show Vantine the flaw in the sapphire," she murmured.

James shook his head. "I'm not made of the stuff of heroes," he pointed out. "I'm selfish, ungrateful, a damn rotter if you like, but . . . that's me. I can't stand aside for another man, even a man who has been my benefactor. You see, I happen to love you myself, Olga. I love you, do you hear that? And when he touches you I want to punch his head and when he kisses you I'd like to kill him. Now go and tell him so. Maybe he'll give me my chance to beat him up."

The girl lifted her head and drew a deep breath and he saw that her eyes were shining like stars.

"All this while I've tortured myself that you didn't think I was good enough for him," she said simply. "Good enough! . . . You not good enough for him?"

"Yes. Perhaps I'm not, James."

"Say 'Jim,'" he pleaded.

Olga nodded. "Yes, I like that—Jim," she pronounced. "Well—" She breathed hard and seemed to wait.

Then he took her in his arms and began to rain kisses on her upturned face, on her shy, young eyes, her cool brow, her flushed cheeks and her dewy lips. Kisses came short, sharp, hot. It was almost as if they left a scar. Olga, after a moment, fought herself free, resentful, frightened, hungry for more at one and the same time.

"You mustn't!" she gasped.



Jim Cowper smiled. "You can't marry Vantine now," he said.

"But—"

"You can't," he reiterated. That was all.

It was true enough, but what could she do about it? Vantine was going ahead with plans for their wedding and at his urging Ollie had written home, telling the parsimonious Ada that she was engaged to a man whose income exceeded the President's. Incidentally, this letter brought about the immediate recovery of the brother and an invitation from Ada to spend their honeymoon with them. Vantine said he knew he was going to enjoy his sister-in-law, but he said it without rancor. Always generous, thoughtful of others, smiling. . . . And Olga couldn't marry him—she couldn't, now.

Ollie didn't see much of her fiancé these days. He was rehearsing a new act, Henrietta said. And Ollie did see too much of Jim Cowper—too much for her own peace of mind. One afternoon he brought the car for her and around five o'clock, following some shopping, set her down at the stage entrance to a vaudeville house uptown. Olga went in to look for Vantine. Usually she waited in the car, but since she knew it would mean a long, dangerous conversation alone with Cowper, she decided to go into the theatre.

Music, lights, silent, creeping figures. Someone was singing, a soprano which was affected and irritating. It rubbed Olga Lee the wrong way. It jarred upon her nerves. She disliked the voice before she saw the singer.

Strolling to the first entrance, she saw a simpering blonde, half nude in clothes that were supposed to be daring, with too much chest and back and bare legs. But the house roared its delight at the conclusion of the song, and the singer returned again and again. Olga watched the scene listlessly, wondering what manner of artiste was this to work an audience into such a frenzy of enthusiasm. And then, while she looked, the singer's jeweled hand went up and the golden wig came off, revealing the close-cropped head of a man. Of Vantine, of course. Before she had fully recovered from the shock, the impersonator was off to change to his farmer's boy overalls, when he would sing an encore in his natural voice—baritone.

Somehow Ollie made her way out of the theatre, found the automobile, and got in. Since her agitation was apparent, James threw away his cigarette and came to question her.

"Why didn't you tell me?" she asked him reproachfully.

"Tell you—what?" demanded Cowper. "Good

Lord, Ollie, you look as if you had seen a ghost!"

She shook her head. "I have just seen Vantine—for the first time," she said. "Funny I never gave it a thought! And I suppose you thought I knew all about his—his line. It was . . . terrible!"

Jim frowned. "He's rehearsing a new act now. Perhaps he suspected you wouldn't care for the—the wig—"

"I loathe it! I loathe him! Any man who would do such a thing—"

Jim Cowper reached for a cigarette. "Oh-h, there are worse," he ventured begrudgingly. "As a matter of fact," he added slowly, as if the words were wrung from him against his will, "Van's a regular. After all, what does it matter whether you don skirts and sing soprano or jump into boots and follow a plow?"

"You wouldn't do it," Olga flashed.

"Me? Well, I—I couldn't. Too big, too hefty. It wouldn't be an impersonation, it would be a burlesque. Vantine's framing a new act, I believe, with all 'straight' stuff—no skirts, you understand."

A little shudder ran through her. "It makes no difference. I can never forget what I've seen this afternoon."

Vantine saw the change which had come over her, for love had sharpened his wits, and Ollie wasn't a good actress. For that matter, it seemed to the girl the kindest thing she could do, to let him know once and for all that she couldn't marry him. Every time she saw him he had some new and wonderful scheme to unfold, gifts to offer. It wasn't fair to let him go on this way, hoping, giving, while in her heart she knew his dreams could never come true and so . . . Olga told him. It was all a mistake. She didn't love him. They could never be more than friends to each other.

At first Vantine couldn't believe it. Then, when Ollie drew away from him and presented her cheek when he tried to kiss her, he seemed to realize the full significance of her words and he collapsed, like a doomed man in sight of the gallows. He dropped to his knees, he clung to her hands, her dress, weeping and pleading. He'd rather a hundred times die than lose her; he couldn't give her up!

Olga suddenly found herself hating his tears. They weren't just manly. They seemed to go with the golden wig and the décolleté gown and all at once she grew a little cold, hard, indifferent. "You should have told me," she said, with sullen eyes.

"Told you what, sweetheart?"

"That you are—well, what you are. This after—  
(Continued on page 48)



BEATRICE ROBERTS

*A Ziegfeld "Palm Beach Nights" Beauty*

ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSON



Staircase  
Palazzo  
Falconieri



La Marchesa  
Di Calvane's  
Bed Room

The Residence  
of  
La Marchesa Di Calvane  
Scarna Piccardi  
Palazzo Falconieri  
I Via Cola  
in Rome



La Marchesa  
Di Calvane



Gallery  
Facing the  
Tiber



STRAUS PEYTON

*Charmingly, youthful is a frock of taffeta and tulle designed by Henri Bendel, for Eselyn Nichols, sister of Anne Nichols, author of "Abie's Irish Rose."*

# Spring and Summer Fashions

By HELEN MERRIL EMERY

## Spring Fashion Tendencies Become Definite Fashion Facts of Summer

SPRING glides into summer and the modes launched earlier in the season have either definitely established themselves as fashions that will carry on through the next few months or have been lost in that oblivion that is so often the fate of certain modes that started out auspiciously.

The mode this year is a bit contradictory. On the one hand is a distinct trend toward mannish effects as evidenced in the vogue of the simple tailleur, and on the other is the tendency to give a conspicuous place to models more obviously feminine than any we have seen for several years.

In the collections of the great French houses, as well as in those brought out by important American establishments, the tailored suit of a simplicity almost classic attracted attention as much by reason of its chic and distinction as by the use of different fabrics. Plain materials are frequently combined with checked or striped fabrics and the effect is notably successful.

Premet introduced a model that quickly won recognition. It has a straight or slightly circular skirt of checked wool and a plain straight jacket with collar, cuffs and reverses of the check. Another model of equal

interest features a small slightly shaped cape at the back. These tiny capes in single or double tiers are seen on several of the smartest suits. In one or two instances they are detachable. With the tailored suit of this type the blouse of crêpe de chine in white or pale pink is worn and, while exceedingly simple in effect, concedes to feminine taste in the use

of tiny pleats, a bit of drawnwork or a touch of embroidery.

With the tailleur of such importance, it is even more imperative that each detail and accessory of the costume shall be in perfect accord. A new note is seen in the soft tie of silk which is matched by the belt, both of printed silk and both reflecting the vogue of dots or small conventional motifs. The ties resemble men's cravats but are a bit longer.

Squares of plaid taffeta or twilled silk frequently complement the tailored suit and are cunningly arranged to give the high neckline that is in keeping with the mannishness of the tout ensemble. Furs play a slightly less important role this season, except in the case of silver fox scarfs or the new cravats of flat fur which tie like an Ascot. In white ermine for wear with black suits, in beige or cocoa brown ermine to harmon-



A yoke and crêpe lace add immeasurably to the chic of a frock of printed chiffon worn by Miss Edith Meller of "The Theatre Guild." From Franklin Simon & Co.



STRAUS PRYON

*A picture hat of Neapolitan straw or crin is presented by Henri Bendel, in coral color. Flutings of tulle soften the brim. Worn by Miss Evelyn Nichols.*



MURAT

*The season offers nothing smarter than the beret, especially if it takes the form of a two-toned affair of grosgrain ribbon. Posed by Miss Iuka Chase, Saks' Fifth Avenue*

ize with the suit of natural covert and in flat caracul to accompany the grey tailleur these neckpieces have the desirable element of novelty and are chic and becoming.

A point emphasized by practically every couturiere of note is the revival of the cape, not alone as part of the coat or jacket, but as a separate wrap. In several of the most interesting models a cape rather scant in width and close fitting at the shoulders was of the same material as the jacket and skirt of a mannish tailleur and was designed for wear with the suit or as a separate wrap.

Sports capes of novelty plaided or striped wools cut on voluminous circular lines are strikingly effective and have been taken up by the smartest women who have adopted them for country wear over knitted jumper frocks or a costume consisting of a knitted jumper with the new sailor collar and a pleated skirt of crêpe de chine.

Monotone effects and the subtle pastel colorings have replaced the high colors in vogue last summer and harmony was never more important than it is in the fashions of the present season.

Grey which in the early spring seemed destined for a pronounced vogue has dropped back a bit and one notices more of the beige tones and of grege, that tint

which combines grey and beige.

Black has more than regained its prestige of a few years ago and is considered one of the smartest tones for street wear. In daytime models there is almost always a touch of beige, white or faint pink to relieve the sombreness of too much black and the softening influence of lingerie gilets, collars and cuffs contribute to the feminine aspect that is an outstanding phase of the more sophisticated fashions.

A telling example of the use of white on a black frock is seen in a Premet model of figured black crêpe with bands of white organdie edged with pink at the neck and finishing the sleeves.

Taffeta, about which there was a certain amount of speculation earlier in the season, caught on with a vengeance and appears not only in the picturesque robe de style, but in the more casual models of the two-piece genre and in suits as well as coats for afternoon and evening wear. The taffeta jumper frock is one of the successes of the year and it is doubtful if any model has achieved a greater vogue in so brief a period as the sports coat of taffeta quilted in intricate designs. This appears in the three-quarter length as well as in the shorter hip length version.

Molyneux has introduced for late spring and early summer, a collection of models that hold much of

*"Wide of brim and high of crown," says Paris, for the new hats. Miss Iuka Chase is wearing a charming version of the latest mode from Saks' Fifth Avenue.*

MURAT





RUTH HARRIET LOUISE

*Insouciant charm and a certain casual grace distinguish a model of net encrusted with silver embroidery and hand-made flowers. Designed by Boue Soeurs for Carmel Myers, Metro Goldwyn-Mayer, Star.*





ALFRED CHENEY JOENSTON

*Jabots of filmy black lace add a feminine touch to a two-piece frock, from Bergdorf Goodman & Co. Posed by Beatrice Roberts.*

## Two Versions of the Sports Frock

By MISS STICKNEY



STRAUS PETTON

*Charm and practicability are combined in a sports frock of jade and white crêpe de chine. Designed by Miss Stickney, Worn by Doris Freeman.*

*A pleated skirt and pleated peasant sleeves are important details on a frock of white kasha with sweater overblouse of green brightened with buttons. Posed by Doris Freeman and designed by Miss Stickney.*



STRAUS PETTON



WHITE STUDIO

*Boue Soeurs have designed for Genevieve Tobin a chic costume of blue faille combined with pastel plaid taffeta.*



MURAY

*A gay embroidered shawl inspired by the wraps worn by smart women at the "Lido." Featured at Franklin Simon & Co.*



NICHOLAS HAZ

Anna Duncan wears with inimitable grace "Lido" pajamas of painted yellow silk with trousers of black satin. From Samuel Russell's Studio of Modern Art.

interest. At this house considerable attention is paid to the ensemble which exploits a frock of printed or bright colored crêpe and a straight black coat either of crêpe or cloth. For more formal wear there are ensembles consisting of short straight coats of black crêpe and frocks of beige or printed crêpe. The coats are lined with beige crêpe and have small fur collars. An important note is the semi kimono shape of these shorter coats which have sleeves inserted just a little above the elbows.

Frocks of a distinctly summery character reflect the increasing vogue of subtle colors, of the pastel tones greyed down so that they are of a charming indefiniteness. These are of the semi transparent materials with a noticeable tendency to employ lace in the fashioning of frocks of the garden party type. Chiffon, crêpe and lace in shades of saffron, cream, green, and pale yellow are introduced by Molyneux who complements each frock with an amusing little sunshade which has a very long stick. The sunshades are made of the

same material as the frock and are trimmed with incrustations of lace dyed the same tone.

The evening frocks chez Molyneux are straight in line, with a few gathers placed at the waistline to give the necessary width. Delicate colors predominate, with blue, pink, red, violet, saffron, pale orange and white of importance. The materials, satin, chiffon, and crêpe Georgette are excellent backgrounds for bead embroideries worked out in intricate and exquisite designs which frequently form the entire lower part of the skirt.

It is noticed that evening frocks are somewhat longer than in the models intended for daytime wear, a point also emphasized in the collection of Chanel whose evening gowns are among the loveliest models turned out by any house this season.

Here, as at other important houses, the materials employed are crêpe Georgette, chiffon and dyed laces, and for decoration the most striking and individual effects are obtained with rich embroideries, or beads, pearls and paillettes.

A colorful motif adds to the interest of one of the new shawls, Samuel Russell's Studio of Modern Art.



NICHOLAS HAZ

NICHOLAS HAZ

The spirit of modernism finds expression in a sports frock of painted silk in henna and green. Posed by Anna Duncan. Samuel Russell's Studio of Modern Art.





*Group of Glorified Beauties, Ziegfeld's "Palm Beach Nights"*



MAURICE GOLDBERG

*Joan Clement, of "Sunny," wearing a charming frock of pastel printed chiffon, with a hat of white crin trimmed with pleated blue maline, from Bonwit Teller & Co.*



MALVINE GOLDBERG

*Miss Gwendolyn Lewis wears an evening frock in the bouffant mode. Miss Lewis was one of the debutantes who acted as models in a fashion show held at Bonwit Teller & Co. by the Junior League.*





BY CHENEY

MURAY

*Gleaming fabrics appear in the modes of spring, their beauty and charm is emphasized in a silver-green tinsel wrap, worn by Marion Dabney, of "Dearest Enemy."*

*Three Smart  
Fads for  
Spring*



*The season's smartest trick is an anklet of gold or silver with an identification tag.  
Best & Co*



*Kid—The smart trimming for Spring is used in a V-shaped design on this brocaded evening slipper.  
Franklin Simon & Co.*



*The kid oxford for Spring must have a touch of snake calf*

*Franklin Simon & Co.*

NICHOLAS HAZ



DOROTHY MACKAILL

*A leap high in the air*



Doris Kenyon, "Only a pound more to go"

## How Movie Stars Keep Slender

By CORINNE

### The Woman Who Exceeds the Weight-Limit Loses Out

NOW a great firm of motion picture producers has introduced a clause into its contracts automatically releasing from employment (that's a polite way of saying it) the woman star who allows her weight to exceed the limit set in her contract.

Startling as this action is, it is but a statement in cold legal verbiage, black-on-white, of a requirement that has long been recognized, not only in the field of motion pictures, but in every-day life as well—in short, whether or not it is so stated in any contract, the woman who gets fat loses out.

Though there is nothing in any marriage agreement that we ever heard of requiring the wife to keep her weight under a certain limit, the wise wife reads such a clause into the contract and takes the necessary steps to live up to it by exercise and diet.

"Fat heroines are still in range in Algeria and Turkey, but this is America and I don't believe that heavy ladies will ever enjoy great popularity on the screen here," says Mr. Lambert Hillyer, director of "The Knock-out," "The Unguarded Hour" and other

important productions under Earl Hudson's supervision.

"Our beauties must be ethereal, graceful, dainty, charming and yet very much alive. The feminine star who weighs as much as one hundred and fifty pounds, no matter how great her facial beauty, her emotional talents might as well weigh four hundred and fifty, so far as her screen box office value is concerned."

What Mr. Hillyer says about movie stars goes in private life, for the

Dorothy Mackaill



Hand-ball and Sprinting



demands of the public upon the movies simply reflect their ideals.

An interesting angle of this subject is the recognition of the fact that some women can carry more weight to advantage than others.

Robert Lieber, president of First National, while discussing this new feature of the firm's contracts, said: "There is nothing arbitrary about the weight limits we are fixing for our players. These are arrived at on the basis of age, height and general appearance." Mr. Lieber points out the case of Anna Q. Nilsson, who is being featured in "The Viennese Medley," who is five feet seven inches in height and now weighs one hundred and thirty-six pounds. She has four pounds to go and is having no trouble keeping under the weight limit.

First National players who have signed contracts placing them under the one hundred and thirty pound deadline, and their present heights are as follows:

Dorothy Mackaill, twenty-one years old, five feet three, one hundred and eighteen pounds, has the title role in "Joanna," a new pic-



*Bending Exercise*



*A hand-spring*

ture soon to be released.

Dorothy Sebastian, twenty years old, five feet three, one hundred and seventeen pounds.

Joyce Compton, seventeen years old, five feet five,

weight one hundred and ten pounds.

Mary Astor, nineteen years old, five feet five, weight one hundred and twenty pounds.

Doris Kenyon, twenty-five years old, five feet six inches, weight one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

"As fast as we sign new talent for the screen," said Mr. Lieber, "the weight clause will be inserted and renewals of old contracts will contain the same proviso." None of the players whom we have signed under the new form of contract has objected to the anti-fat provision because they have been impressed by the fact that it is just as much for their good as ours. The young women who take the part of heroines in any of the productions under my supervision must be slender because beauty of form is just as important as beauty of face. Beauty covers a lot of territory and our standards

*Dorothy Mackaill*



have changed a great deal in the last twenty years. And so today a woman can't be fat and at the same beautiful.

"In order to keep the stars and featured players, men as well as women, slim, graceful and strong, we have fitted out a gymnasium at our studio in East 175th Street, and every day these artists go through their physical exercise.

"The studio gym includes a hand-ball court, bowling alley, medicine balls, rowing machines, weights, boxing gloves, wrestling mats, scales to keep track of the weight of the artists, and other gym apparatus. Of course our feminine stars can't go in for some of the most strenuous exercise, but they do the lighter ones and we encourage them in dancing and all outdoor sports such as golf, tennis, swimming and horseback riding. The gym is open to the technical staff and our directors, scenario writers and technicians all avail themselves of it."

More and more young women are realizing the importance of keeping themselves in good physical condition, if for no other reason than that they must be healthy and radiant if they are to compete with their sisters either in business or domestic life.

"It is difficult," says Miss Kenyon, "to keep such a constant watch over your weight and food. And it is disconcerting to be a hostess and adhere to a diet. My instructors declare that if one is too stout it is possible to lose the overweight by swimming, and that if one is too thin the same form of exercise will increase one's weight. There must be truth in this statement as I put on eight necessary pounds by the simple expedient of learning the Australian crawl. The joy of good circulation, perfect diges-

tion and of general good health cannot be overestimated, and personally, I think it is not possible to be really healthy without proper diet, exercise and plenty of fresh air.

"A heavy luncheon, bridge and tea two hours later cannot produce a glowing complexion and proper functioning of the body."

"Staying up until all hours of the night and then remaining in bed until almost noon never brought any girl health or happiness. In moderation, pleasure is a necessity, especially while dancing is good exercise, but the trouble with it is that midnight or later as the retiring time will not brighten the eyes or keep the lines out of your face, even though one is blessed with youth and health.

"Those of us who spend the greater part of our lives in studios have little time for exercise or for out-of-door sports, but I have noticed that most of us do the thing we want to do—and if we want to exercise we will find a way. Deep breathing out of a window in the morning is within reach of all of us, and this is very important if one is to have good circulation and strong lungs.

"Walking, I believe, is the best exercise in the world. It brings every muscle into play and at the same time gives the lungs oxygen.

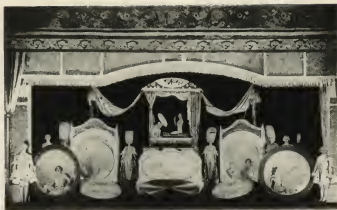
"Regardless of what else I may do, I always get in from an hour to two hours walking each day. In this way, if I take no other exercise at all I can keep fairly fit and in good health. Tennis is a good game for girls, in fact, I consider it vastly superior to golf. Swimming, which is my chief diversion, is another exercise that develops well the muscles and puts on or takes off weight at one's will."





MALBRICE GOLDBERG

GRACELLA AND THEODOR  
*Earl Carroll's "Vanities"*



DE MIRJIAN

Kathrine Ray and Girls from a scene in "A Night in Paris," Century Roof

## Footlight Jottings

By PATRICIA LORD

IN passing along Broadway one sees many good plays, which have been reviewed time and again.

In the "Shanghai Gesture" we have Florence Reed, in one of the latest plays. Miss Reed portrays the part of a wronged woman, one of those parts we have heard much about in melodrama. As "Mother God-dam," the keeper of a house of ill repute, Miss Reed gives a marvelous performance, one that calls for deep thought and certainly hard lines to bring out her hate against the Englishman who wronged her in her early days. One of Miss Reed's best lines is "Dam clever, these Chinese," and from there on starts the "Gesture" about six-sixty worth.

"A Night in Paris" makes us wonder—it is beautiful, marvelous—women wearing gorgeous costumes (if any), and in a wonderful place for a summer run, but then, who wants to enjoy the scenery of Central Park when there are so many beautiful women around. J. J. Shubert has given the public something to enthuse over not only in the gold and silver of the footlights, but really good talent, too.

"J.J.," who is sojourning in Europe, will no doubt bring back more beautiful ideas for other summer runs, but we wonder if there could be anything

better than this play at the Century Roof, which scintillates with humor, wit and beauty.

• • •

"The Song of the Flame" is a story of the Russian Revolution set to music and beautifully done. The scenery is exquisite, the costumes beautiful, and the prologue scene truly inspiring. Tessa Kosta as "The Song of the Flame" is lovely, and Guy Robertson makes the right kind of a prince. It is well worth seeing.

• • •

Earl Carroll has one of the most interesting reviews on Broadway. The "Vanities" is full of beautiful women and scenes. It has an all-star cast. Not only is this review interesting, but Mr. Carroll has filled in the time before and between acts with a dandy idea, that of supplying hostesses with whom his patrons may while-a-way the time in dancing. It's great; try it and see.

• • •

Speaking of Earl Carroll, he has another play tucked away on 42nd Street called, "Laff That Off," which has had quite a long run. It is a great play, full of wit and humor, well acted, and the cast is excellent. The lead seems to have all the laughs





MAURICE GOLDBERG

ULA SHARON  
*"Song of the Flame,"*  
*44th Street Theatre*



MAURICE GOLDBERG

PHOEBE FOSTER  
*"Jazz Singer," Music Box Theatre*



F. E. GEISLER

Beryl Halley, Ziegfeld "Palm Beach Nights"

bottled up in his lines. But they are well placed at that.

"Lula Belle," with Lenore Ulric and Henry Hull, shows Miss Ulric all made up like a night at the "Plantation." She is much concerned with the dragging down—around, etc., of a once respectable barber. Mr. Belasco has produced this play as no one else could, and although it leaves a "dark brown" taste in your mouth, seats are difficult to buy.

"No, No, Nanette," still playing to full houses at the Globe, is another pleasing review on Broadway, which has all the possibilities of running throughout the summer. It is sparkling with good humor and fun and is all-told a very pleasant evening's entertainment.

The Winter Garden, the house of Paris Reviews, is still holding its own with its bevy of beauties in scanty costumes mixed up with a lot of good talent. One thing is sure—the girls of this company won't suffer from the heat during the warmer months of the summer.

"By the Way," now playing at the Central, is another one of those catchy, tuneful musical comedies so dear to the hearts of the theatre-going public.

Flo Ziegfeld's "Palm Beach Nights," playing in Florida, is one of Flo's best, so we hear, but we have never seen it, all due to the fact that we have to stay here in the cold North. We had hopes of seeing this wonderful gathering of the Glorified American Beauties, but no such luck, for it looks as if Mr. Ziegfeld will not bring this revue to New York, though it would seem to be the place for such a show now that spring is here. Anyway, we hear that we shall see another "Follies" soon, and that should be good news for the tired business man.

"Abie's Irish Rose" by Anne Nichols, is still running after years of success, breaking the hearts of all those managers who predicted that it would not go a season.

"The Greenwich Village Follies" is a revue that one should not miss—tuneful, pretty, and it has a book of lyrics that one can hum forever. It is full of pretty girls and is well costumed throughout, which is saying much for a Broadway show nowadays.

"Dearest Enemy," at the Knickerbocker, is still one of New York's musical successes, Helen Ford plays the lead with Charles Purcell and a well-placed cast.

Marilyn Miller, in her first year as a Dillingham star, is playing to packed houses at the New Amsterdam in "Sunny." Miss Miller has given the public



MELCON STUDIO

Madelyn Killeen, Earl Carroll's "Vanity"



MAURICE GOLDBERG

THE DE MARCOS  
"The Cocoanuts," Lyric Theatre

another one of those dear, sweet, rollicking and fun-loving comedies, and we predict that it will run through the summer.

"The Creaking Chair," at the Lyceum, is one of those mystery plays full of thrills and laughs which keeps one on the anxious seat.

Russell Mack and Dorothy Appleby in "Square Crooks," at Daly's 63rd Street Theatre, offer a good idea of what square crooks are (if there are any), but we don't want right now to meet either kind, square or otherwise since on the whole New York has met plenty.

Mr. Erlanger, in presenting "Tip-Toes" at the Liberty, has brought out another musical comedy triumph. It is well worth seeing, for one is sure to enjoy an evening of fun and laughter.

"12 Miles Out," the Wm. Anthony McGuire play at the Playhouse, sounds as if one had to go a long way for just a tiny, wee nip, but Mr. McGuire tells us in his play just what happens if one does go so far, and it all makes a very good theme.

The "Cradle Snatchers" at the Music Box, with Mary Roland, shows us just what sometimes happens when two play the same game. It is a riot of laughter, and gives one an idea what to do when "Hubby" wanders from the fireside.

We hear that Al Jolson is to join the show at the Winter Garden. We shall all be glad to see Al back again, just as glad as he will no doubt be to return to the theatre of his past successes.

Noel Coward certainly knows how to write 'em! "The Vortex" we liked immensely, but "Easy Virtue," with the beautiful Jane Cowl eternally smoking

cigarettes in a long ebony holder that made us jealous with envy, delighted us. Whenever we feel our backbone bending these days we just remember that magnificent scene in which Jane upbraids her welching little sister-in-law, "At least be true to your convictions!" Write some more, Noel. We Americans just eat 'em up!

The titles of shows now-a-days are surely full of all sorts of suggestions and one can judge just what

one wishes to see from the titles alone—drama; and comedy, musical or otherwise. There's something for everyone, "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em", for the gay old sugar papas and the college boys in raccoon coats; "The Jest," for the tired business man and his "tired" secretary; "The Girl Friend," for the man-about-town; "The Butter and Egg Man," for the night-hawks and the nightclub habitués; "The Wisdom Tooth," for those that know better; "The Half-Caste," for the iron molders and the subway builders; "One of the Family," for the bachelors; "Alias the Deacon," for the hold-up men; "Puppy Love," for adolescents with "brain storms," besides numerous others.



Misses McGonigle, "A Night in Paris"

DE MEJLAN



MURRAY STUDIO

Doris Niles featured dancer at the Capitol Theatre



MAURICE GOLDENBERG

HELEN GAHAGAN  
"Young Woodley," Belmont Theatre

## THE CANARY THAT SANG BASS

(Continued from page 16)

noon. I saw your act for the first time, and I—loathed it! I've always felt that a man was a sort of superior being. It was a privilege to be born a man. I've just got to look up to a man—my man, anyway. And then today . . . you blonde curls and short skirts . . . and a falsetto voice—I'm sorry; I can't help it. I hated you for being that, Vantine."

"Then," said he emphatically, "I'll never be that again, dearest. That's easy, that's simple. Ollie. As a matter of fact, I've been rehearsing a new act for sometime. The booking office likes the impersonation, but—yes, I had decided to get away from it even before you expressed your views on the subject. Fortunately I'm blessed with a good natural baritone—"

She couldn't let him go on like this, hope and plan again, when she knew the futility of it all in her heart.

"It's no use, Vantine."

"What? For God's sake, Olga!"

"It's no use. Oh, I know I'm the most ungrateful wretch in the world! After all you've done—your sweetness and kindness to me—"

"That's out!" he interposed. "No matter what I've done for you, you've done more for me, Ollie."

"I don't believe I understand," she faltered.

"Ollie, you've waked me up," Vantine said then, pleading with bloodshot eyes. "Before you came into my life there was something—something lacking. Maybe I was the Peter Pan that Henrietta tried to keep me. I wasn't a man; I only played at living as a child plays with his toy soldiers. And then you came and everything changed overnight, almost. I loved you from the first, Ollie. I didn't know it because I had never been in love before, but . . . I loved you. And I was no longer a child. I became a man, through loving you. Now that you've done this thing—awakened me—you can't . . . you can't leave me flat, dearest. You can't run away and expect me to go back to my toy soldiers. I'll promise anything in the world, Olga. I'll never appear on the stage again, if you say so. I've money—plenty of money. We'll go to Europe, sweetheart. Only . . . for God's sake don't leave me . . . neither man nor child. You can't— you daren't, Ollie!"

She tried to spare him, tried to lie, but the truth was Olga knew if he kissed her ever again, with her heart full of another man, she would want to do him physical injury.

"Vantine," she said, with cruel kindness, "there is somebody else. Looking back, I think I've loved

him from the very first, just as you say you've loved me. So perhaps you'll understand. It's Jim Cowper."

His surprise was genuine. "Jeems?"

"Don't call him that!" Olga stormed. "If you knew how that silly, affected talk sounded—"

"I beg your pardon," Vantine said, with dignity.

"Of course I shan't do it again if you dislike it so much. But . . . of course you're not in earnest either about caring for him—"

"With all my heart and soul I care, Vantine."

"He's a married man!"

"He doesn't live with his wife. They haven't lived together for more than a year. After Jim's father turned him out, and cut off his allowance, this—this girl left him. It was only Jim's prospects she cared for, you see. When he had no money, why— Oh-h, I don't consider her at all!"

Vantine looked at her strangely. "But you've got to consider her, Ollie," he insisted. "You're not the kind of girl who can be happy without your neighbors' respect. You're a—a homebody—" His voice broke and he began to cry again, weak silent tears that left her helpless.

"Well," Olga ventured, after a pause. "I suppose I'll never see you again, and I suppose you'll go to your grave cursing and hating me, but—"

"One more chance, Ollie. If you're ashamed of the skirts and wig . . . and we go to Europe . . . nobody will ever know—"

She shook her head and at last he saw that nothing he could say or do would ever change her.

"Where are you going?" he asked, swallowing a lump in his throat.

"To Jim."

"I see. And then?"

"We're going away together."

Vantine turned the color of chalk. "He ought to ask it, Cowper oughtn't to ask it of you," he muttered, half to himself. "That damned frail . . . if she had the decency of an alley cat she'd give him a divorce. But she won't. She won't, of course. Old man Cowper will have to die some day and she's hanging on for that. And in the meanwhile . . ."

Ollie . . . stealing her happiness—"

He was still talking, half to himself, when Olga stole noiselessly away.

That night he told Henrietta that everything was off between him and Ollie Lee, and the old dame scarcely knew whether to be relieved or angry. She was not unlike a mother who finds it hard to give up her boy even to the finest girl in the world but if Vantine wanted this girl— He shook his head, laughed, and said he guessed he was wedded to his art.

As usual, James called at the theatre the next afternoon for Vantine, and as usual, Olga was in the car, at the actor's special request. But if she had hesitated at coming along, Ollie soon realized that her fears were groundless, for Vantine seemed quite like his old self, joking, gossiping in a simpering, affected manner that made you smile even while you disapproved. No regret, no reproach. Everything merry until at Forty-second Street the actor remembered that he had an appointment to meet a friend at the Club Bleu at five o'clock. He asked James to wait for him and left Olga in the car.

The "friend" he met there was a young woman who apparently couldn't speak without a sneer and whose eyes were suspicious, mocking, avaricious, at one and the same time. Handsome in a way, yet unpleasant to look at. Vantine thought of Ollie and understood Jim Cowper's infatuation. What he couldn't understand was how James had ever got himself entangled with Dot.

"I was just going," she told Vantine, as he hurried forward to join her at a small table in the nearly empty restaurant. "What's the big idea? Why did you send for me to meet you here? Has 'Jeems' been naughty?"

"Be your age, dearie," Vantine retorted, sitting opposite to her. "Don't attempt to high hat me, because I know you, woman. Why did I send for you? Because you are so fascinating. What'll you have to drink? And where did you get that hat, Dorothy? My God, it looks like a ravaged market cart."

"You should worry," she muttered sullenly. "You didn't bring me here to say that, Vantine. And when I want some of your brand of comedy I'll go to the show."

He shrugged his shoulders and took a pocket flask from his clothes. But when Dot Cowper reached for it, Vantine drew the flask towards him and called a waiter for drinks.

"What's the matter, saving your special 'poison' for your pals?" the girl sneered. "I suppose it's too good for me, eh? Well, remember you asked me to come here, not I you."

He merely grinned. The waiter returned with their order and Dorothy raised her glass to her lips.

"Dot," said Vantine, watching her closely, "have you ever thought about getting a divorce from Cowper?"

"No," she answered coolly.

"Well, will you consider getting a divorce?—for a—a consideration, of course?"

She burst out laughing. "What's the matter, do you want to marry him?" she cried.

The blood rushed to Vantine's cheeks and his hand closed around the pocket flask he had brought along with him, then he called their waiter back for a second round of drinks.

"Will have your little joke, won't you, Dot?" he remarked, after the fellow had gone.

"Jim Cowper may seem like a joke to you," she countered, "but he's a damn good investment for me. His old man won't live forever. And he's going to leave Jim his, never fear. And then I'll get mine. But, yes, I'll divorce him—for a million cash."

"A million? What are you doing, telling me your telephone number?" he jeered.

"Why should I tell you my telephone number, you poor fluff?" the woman said. "Look here, I don't know what your game is, but get this straight. I'm watching my p's and q's; I'll never give Cowper the pleasure of divorcing me, and I'll never divorce him—until after the old man's gone to Glory. Chirp your feeble little tune elsewhere, canary. I know my groceries."

She pushed back her chair, ready to leave the table, when Vantine, with a smile, suddenly raised his flask.

"Just to show there's no hard feeling," he ventured. Dorothy Cowper hesitated, and Vantine filled her glass.

"Where's yours?" she demanded, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Dearie, have a heart, I've got to sing tonight."

She pushed back her glass. "I guess I don't want any of your rotten brew," she laughed.

There was a pause. Vantine cast a glance around the room and noticed it was almost empty. Like his life, he thought. All the light and gaiety had disappeared. A supper club is a dreary place when deserted. Dead, without the decency to bury itself.

He filled his glass and raised it to his lips. "Here's to love!" he toasted.

"My God!" snickered the girl, and swallowed her liquor.

Ten minutes later their waiter, returning for another possible order, saw the pair of them limp in their chairs. He hurried over and said something, and though the man smiled faintly, the woman was beyond human aid. The waiter shook her; then grabbed Vantine.

"Friends in car at the door—" he whispered, with the smile frozen on his lips.

The waiter shrieked for help.

"One of youse guys get them folks in the car at the door," he cried. "Here's a bird and his skirt gone dead on our hands!"





MARY PICKFORD



Norma Talmadge  
in "Kiki"

## The Cinema As They Say in London

By Tommy

IT HAS come at last, the production of an entire picture play in the beautiful colors we have admired so much in fleeting glimpses. The play is Douglas Fairbanks' "The Black Pirate," at the Selwyn Theatre.

Norma Talmadge's appearance in the screen version of the New York stage success, "Kiki," which Lenore Ulric made famous a few years ago, is causing much favorable comment in the movie world.

By the way, George K. Arthur, the English actor, has the honor of being the only screen player in captivity who ever gave Norma a black eye. It happened during a rehearsal of a knock-down and drag-out fight with the star. At first George was reluctant to "fight a lady," but director Clarence Brown assured him that Miss Talmadge, who portrays a Paris street gamin and all-round spitfire, could take care of herself. Norma, forgetting everything but her role, went after Arthur tooth-and-nail in a true street gamin way. Result, both came out of a badly wrecked "set" much the worse for wear. Norma with a black circle under one eye that did not come from late hours.

It seems that Dick Barthelmess still clings to historical pictures, as his next release will be "Ransom's Folly," which is now under way at the Marshall Neilan Studios in Hollywood. Dorothy Mackaill will play opposite him

as "Mary Cahill," the daughter of the post-trader.

First National has recently secured the screen rights of two very good stories. One is "The Sheikh of Florida," by George F. Worts, the rights of which were obtained from the Munsey Publishing Co., but it has not appeared in print. This story is a romantic comedy-drama laid against the background of a Florida land boom. The other story is "The Lying Truth," by Ralph Spence, and it sounds very much as though it would be another one of their successes.



G. HALLARD KESSLER, R.P.  
Constance Talmadge



BOWEN P. TOWNSEND

Svend Gade will direct Corinne Griffith's new picture, "Into Her Kingdom," by Ruth Comfort Mitchell. The story deals with the life of the royal princess "Tatina," which affords unusual dramatic opportunities for Miss Griffith, who of late has been taken into the hearts of the public.

Are we fated to lose our dear, fun-loving Constance Talmadge? Word has just reached us that Connie wants to be a tragedienne. Will she be able to persuade the executives of her company that she can do a heavy role, after she has made such a success of the lighter parts in comedy?

Alan Hale has been engaged to direct Conway Tearle in his

Frances Parkhurst



*Clara Bow, Universal Player*

new picture "Good Luck," which will soon reach New York, the happy hunting-ground for all big pictures. This is Mr. Tearle's first picture with First National and it should bring good-luck to every one concerned, as Conway Tearle and Alan Hale make a combination hard to beat.

\* \* \*

Robert Z. Leonard has chosen another beauty to grace his household, for Gertrude Olmstead is to be "Mrs. Leonard," as was recently announced with brass band and all, including the big diamond.

\* \* \*

Ronald Colman, Lewis Stone and Shirley Mason have signed to play the leading roles of "Don Juan's Three Nights," a First National release.

\* \* \*

Would you dress in men's clothes, turn tramp in order to be near the man you love? This is just what "Miss Nobody" did. Anna Q. Nilsson will have to do so in her portrayal of the title role of Tiffany's story. Her hair will be cut man-fashion, she will wear men's clothes, and attempt to act mannish. Look out girls for the new bob!

\* \* \*

Even the Movie Directors are finding it hard to get the real "Ye olden stuff," according to reports from the coast. The script of "Kiki" called for a case of "catalepsy." The bootleggers, and they are

many now-days, never heard of anything called by such a name.

\* \* \*

We hear there is a brand-new find on the horizon, a seventeen-year-old miss, Frances Parkhurst, related to Doris Kenyon. Miss Parkhurst has a bigger and better part in a forthcoming picture, all due to her ability to handle a small part in Milton Sills' latest picture.

\* \* \*

Famous Players have chosen Ralph Forbes, English actor, for the leading role in "Beau Geste." Mr. Forbes is a tall, athletic-looking chap of twenty-six with blonde hair and blue eyes. Famous Players has surrounded Mr. Forbes with some of their best stars of the screen, including Ronald Colman, Wallace Beery, Neil Hamilton, Norman Trevor, and last but not least, Alice Joyce.

\* \* \*

They are looking for a man to play the part of our former president, "T. R.," in a super-special Paramount picture soon to be produced, "Rough Riders." A reward of five hundred dollars is being offered to the first person who suggests the man finally chosen to play the role. He must look as Roosevelt did in 1898, at the age of thirty-nine.

\* \* \*

*Anna Q. Nilsson, Universal Star*



They have started work on Clara Bow's new picture out in Hollywood, "The Runway." Miss Bow is in great demand, and judging from her work as a mere girl of eighteen, she should attain the heights of stardom.

\* \* \*

We are glad to hear that director Allen Dwan is back at work at the Paramount West Coast Studio, after an illness which postponed for two weeks the start of "Padlocked."

\* \* \*

Paramount has chosen a wonderful cast to portray Rex Beach's novel which is now running in the *Cosmopolitan*, featuring Lois Moran, Noah Beery, Charles Cane, Louise Dresser, Allen Simpson, Helen Jerome Eddy, Florence Turner and Richard Arlen.

\* \* \*

Jack Holt and Miss Ralston, Ernest Torrence, and Louise Dressler have started work on "The Blind Goddess."

\* \* \*

Bebe Daniels, heading a company of thirty, left New York to its slush and rain and started for Miami, Fla., to begin the filming of her latest Paramount comedy, "The Palm Beach Girl," by Byron Morgan.

\* \* \*

We are again to see "Our Mary" in what promises to be one of her greatest successes, adapted from a film play "Scraps." Miss Pickford has been working

on "Sparrows," as the play is now called, for the last seven months or more.

"Sparrows" is the story of a baby farm in the swamp country. It was written by Winifred Dunn, and adapted for the screen by C. Gardner Sullivan, famous scenarist.

Miss Pickford is surrounded by an able cast, and is directed by William Beaudine. We are looking forward to seeing this production, for we know it will be another one of those human and fun-laden silver sheet plays dear to the hearts of the public.

\* \* \*

In addition to Greta Nissen, who has been especially engaged to support Norman Kerry in Universal's picture adaptation of Margaret Mayo's "The Love Thief," the director, John McDermott, has engaged a splendid cast. It will consist of Marc McDermott, Nigel Barrie, Cissie Fitzgerald, Charles Puffy, Barbara Worth and Clarence Thompson.

\* \* \*

Soon we shall see Ben Lyon and May McAvoy co-starred in "The Savage." The scenes of this play, or most of them, were taken in Florida where, so it seems, all good actors go now-a-days.

\* \* \*

Lya de Putti, the Hungarian actress who has been the reigning sensation of the European film world, arrived in this country aboard the *Minnewaska* to begin her career as a star in Paramount pictures.





WHITE STUDIO

BETTY WRIGHT  
*"Sweetheart Time"*



# Tit for Tat

By FRANK KENNETH YOUNG

Girl, (*to man who has accosted her*)—Why, I don't know you from Adam!  
He—Well, you ought to—I'm dressed differently!

\* \* \*

How fortunate for the rest of us that Adam had a spare rib!

\* \* \*

Modern Eve is having serpent designs painted upon her legs—lest she forget!

\* \* \*

The first Eve encountered a snake in the garden—modern Eves entertain them in drawing rooms.

\* \* \*

Not even Adam could have said to his Eve: "Dear, you are the very first." For before Eve there was Lileth.

\* \* \*

Eve, (*from the shelter of a tree*)—Adam, will you close your eyes while I come in?

Adam—What for?

Eve—Oh, I wore my new green fig-leaf dress in the hot sun today, and the goods shrunk!

\* \* \*

Eve—Adam, why is an engagement ring like a pink elephant?

Adam—Search me!

Eve—Because it's always left on your hands.

\* \* \*

Said Adam to Eve, as they quarreled one night:

"I'll get a divorce just to prove I am right."

Fair Eve then said: "Oh, I don't care if you do,  
But, remember, there's no other girl you may woo!"



MORTON HARVEY

JOE COOK  
*Earl Carroll's "Vanities"*



A two-button sack suit

# Adam's Corner

Department Conducted

by

The Stroller

Sketches by Sanford E. Gerard



## Conservatism Is the Keynote of Formal Day Clothes

MEN who are correctly dressed," stated a well-known authority on men's styles. "are always conservative." They do not consider it necessary to follow each passing whim, but choose their clothes so carefully and with such discrimination, that although one may be conscious of a certain individuality in cut and details, the general effect is of quiet conservatism and perfect taste.

The brief spring season in town, those few weeks which come between Easter and the exodus to summer country places, brings into the sartorial foreground formal clothes for daytime wear. This is the season for the smartest weddings and it is quite noticeable that men no longer feel it necessary to garb themselves in somber raiment for such festive occasions, but have taken their cue from their London brothers and appear in clothes that form a fitting background for the delicate colors of the brides and bridesmaids frocks.

To get down to essentials, in other words, to describe accurately the costume considered correct for a spring wedding in the year 1926, one may say that the new cutaway shows a tendency toward broader shoulders and tapers slightly at the waistline.

Many men are selecting trousers of cashmere rather than the more usual ones of striped worsted, although the latter are quite as correct. It is simply a matter of individual preference. Trousers are moderate in width.

Double-breasted waistcoats are somewhat more popular than single and may be of grey or of white linen. The younger men are wearing turn-down collars with cutaway suits, but others prefer a wing collar with which they wear a bow tie.

One of the most interesting developments of the present season is the general recognition accorded cloth-top shoes with the tops in light shades of fawn and tan. These are the shoes considered correct for wear with formal day clothes, and in their smartest version are the product of a London boot-maker of world-wide renown.

It seems needless to reiterate it, but the fact remains that a silk hat is compulsory with formal day clothes. Also, that the well-turned-out man considers that his attire falls short of perfection if his accessories do not include a stick. The smartest sticks for formal purposes are straight affairs of malacca with silver tops.

White buckskin gloves and white spats are also rated as important adjuncts to the correct daytime ensemble which in its details and its observance of sartorial conveniences furnishes conclusive proof that masculine clothes consciousness has quickened with the passing months rather than lessened.

Conservatism is

The proper glove for dress



Illustrations sketched at Saks' Fifth Avenue





MILTON SILLS

*Now appearing in "Men of Steel"*



REGINALD DENNY  
*Universal Star*



*Correct attire for  
afternoon functions*

the keynote of spring styles and while there is no lack of color it is handled so subtly that one is not actually conscious of any one predominant color but rather of a harmonious blending of many tones.

Grey is one of the outstanding colors for general wear and the range of grey tones is surprisingly wide.

Tan and brownish shades are cited as important colors for sports wear, and are often used in combination with other colors.

Normal shoulders raised a bit at the point are featured in coats of town suits which havenotched medium lapels. Fronts which round slightly from the lower button have two or three buttons. Wide trousers have no place in the present sartorial scheme. Instead one finds a medium width the prevailing type.

In lounge and country clothes, lines are a bit easier and more casual. The fronts of the coats are somewhat straighter, pockets are larger and the sleeves fuller. With knickers one may wear a jacket half-belted in back or a plain coat. Each has its advocates and each is correct. Once again the selection is purely a matter of individual preference.

Striped flannel trousers with backgrounds in pastel shades and stripes in a contrasting color are destined for popularity this summer, and will be worn with coats of a plain tone. Herringbone effects are slated for success in materials and are also featured in neckwear. Other patterns exploited in spring and summer neckwear tend toward small neat designs in such colors as sky blue, golden brown, pastel green, mulberry, silver grey and yellow tones of primrose shading. Hairline stripes and pin checks in taffetas which feature combinations of two or three pastel shades are extremely popular and very handsome.

The tendency toward pastel colorings is also reflected in the new shirtings of line batiste, chevrets, English faille and printed cottons. These are either of solid colors or in fine stripes and jacquard effects. The tiny checks to which the Prince of Wales is partial are gradually increasing in popularity in this

country where they have been taken up by the best dressed men.

Nothing has excited greater interest or come in for more wide comment than the vogue of gay bath or beach robes. For several years these have been a conspicuous feature at foreign resorts but found little favor with American men. This year, however, their status is distinctly changed. Men who wintered in Florida found their wardrobe sadly deficient if it did not include one or more of these gaudy garments. Gaudy is the word which best describes them for, while a few of the more conservative men clung to the rather simple models of striped flannel, others appeared in the most extreme garments of hand-blocked linen or printed silks. Several wore belted coats of a dark blue cotton which were nothing more or less than a regulation coolie jacket which had stencilled on the back the appropriate insignia of a trade.

Bathing suits show the trend toward cross-striped shirts worn with flannel trunks which have outseams in a contrasting color. The stripes vary in width from an inch to broad stripes at least five inches across. A new note is seen in a suit with trunks which are matched by a beach coat of the same material.

He—"Don't you think this "full dress" is a perfect fit?"

She—"Yes, it's almost a convulsion!"

—Log.

\* \* \*

Just think, the material in Lucy's evening gown cost thirty dollars a yard.

That's a nice dress for five dollars

—Banter.

\* \* \*



*Vest of correct wear for formal weddings*



# Why did Lady Craven forgive the erring Earl

The question  
will be answered  
for the first time

THE FURORE created when Lady Vera Cathcart was held at Ellis Island on the grounds of *moral turpitude*, however finally being admitted to this country, held the front pages of the nation's press for more than two months. It was a topic of magnetic interest on three continents. The big question remains as yet unanswered.

Lady Cathcart five years ago ran away to South Africa with the temperamental Earl of Craven. She was later divorced by the Earl of Cathcart. After four years spent in Africa the youthful Earl of Craven returned to Lady Craven. Why?

## Why Did Lady Craven Take the Erring Earl Back Without Reproach?

ALTHOUGH every other angle of this remarkable quadrangle has been discussed in the drawing-rooms and kitchens of the world this big question—the question of vital interest to all women and most men—remains to be answered.

## The Big Question Will Be Answered In Detail for the Readers of THE NEW EVE, In the Next Issue

WRITING this remarkable feature under the *nom de plume* of *Major Domo*, the only Metropolitan Journalist who succeeded in interviewing Lady Craven during her trying experience in New York, The "Major" will tell the only *inside* story of the Craven-Cathcart liaison as recounted to him *personally* by Lady Craven during several exclusive interviews.

*This will be a personal, intimate story which every reader will enjoy. Lady Craven's observations on present social conditions and "the double standard" will be a topic discussed on all sides for some time to come.*

ANOTHER COMING FEATURE WILL EXPLAIN THE  
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KATHERYN MARTIN  
*Ziegfeld's "Palm Beach Nights"*<sup>51</sup>

CHRONOFF, N. Y.